

ILLUSTRATED TALES TO BEWITCH & BEDEVIL YOU

VAMPIRELLA

A WARREN MAGAZINE PRO STUDIO 5843

SUPER SPECIAL ISSUE



EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT VAMPIRELLA BUT NOBODY EVER TOLD YOU...

Who is "VAMPIRELLA"? From whence did she come? Actually, the story traces all the way back to Jean Claude Forest's "Barbarella," the French comic strip made into a motion picture by Dino De Laurentiis. According to her publisher and mentor, Jim Warren, Jane Fonda's conception of Barbarella provided the catalyst for VAMPIRELLA.

Conceived in the early part of 1969, VAMPIRELLA took shape after Warren studied some "terrifically imaginative" stills from the movie. "I wanted a female comic character. VAMPIRELLA was to be a living, breathing creature in the spirit of the European comic heroes rather than that of the tired, lifeless American mold."

Thus the reason for her origin story, "VAMPIRELLA of Drakulon" written by Famous Monsters Editor Forrest J. Ackerman for VAMPIRELLA #1. Neither Creepy nor Eerie have had series like VAMPIRELLA's because they are closer to comic characters than real-life flesh and blood.

Even in Ackerman's tongue-in-cheek origin story, the basic message of VAMPIRELLA rings true. She was an alien being from a far distant world who lived by instinct, killing only for self survival rather than for sport.

Unlike Barbarella who was a space hopper, an interplanetary

being, VAMPIRELLA was closer to a human being with all the problems and conflicts attendant in being alive.

Drakulon, VAMPIRELLA's home planet, was portrayed as a dying world. Just as water is the sustaining life force on Earth, its counterpart on the planet, Drakulon was blood. When the planet's twin suns began spinning out of control, Drakulon's stores of blood dried up. There was nothing left to sustain life. VAMPIRELLA's adventures began with her fateful departure from Drakulon.

Warren's preliminary sketches of VAMPIRELLA were sent to Ackerman in Los Angeles with instructions to create the first episode. Meanwhile, a contest was held at Warren Publishing in New York to determine the name of the new character. It involved an open offer to several people working on the production of the book. Jim Warren was Ackerman's self who wrote her first and second segments.

VAMPIRELLA of Drakulon in VAMPIRELLA #1 and "Down to Earth" in VAMPIRELLA #2.

With the exception of "Down to Earth" which was drawn by Mike Royer artist Tom Sutton rendered VAMPIRELLA's adventures up to VAMPIRELLA #11. Since VAMPIRELLA #12, her illustrator has been Jose Gonzalez, who was profiled in VAMPIRELLA #16, p. 54.

VAMPIRELLA writers include Ackerman, J.R. Cochran (author of her second origin story titled "The Origin of VAMPIRELLA" from the VAMPIRELLA 1972 YEARBOOK), Artie Goodwin (author through VAMPIRELLA #8, 9, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 & 16), and T. Casey Breeden, her current scribe.

For his authorship of the VAMPIRELLA series, Goodwin re-



Trina Robbins, underground cartoonist and VAMPIRELLA's costume designer

ceived a Warren Award for Best All Around Writer in 1973.

The original costume design for VAMPIRELLA was created through the joint efforts of Warren, Frank Frazetta and underground artist Trina Robbins of "All Girl Comics" and "It Ain't Me Babe." Trina was visiting Warren's office while he was on the phone with Frank Frazetta, describing possible costumes for VAMPIRELLA. After listening a few minutes, Trina interrupted the conversation and took it from there. After more notes on the origin of VAMPIRELLA's costume, see the letters pages of VAMPIRELLA #s 11 & 13. Trina described her concept of VAMPIRELLA's costume to Frazetta who followed her instructions to the letter. However, he added little touches of his own including the serpentines bracelets on her arm and the bat design below her navel. Frazetta originally wanted her as a blonde, but Warren held out for raven-colored tresses which would offset her shimmering red costume. Drakulon, who briefly introduced VAMPIRELLA's second tale "Down to Earth" in VAMPIRELLA #2 was the blonde in the family. "I envisioned VAMPIRELLA with black bangs because as a kid, the first real love of my life had black bangs," Warren said, adding that he recommended her high boots to complete the ensemble.

VAMPIRELLA's original black and white drawing of VAMPIRELLA which was sent to Tom Sutton for his completion of Ackerman's first story, VAMPIRELLA of Drakulon. Frazetta's black and white sketches appeared on the inside front cover of VAMPIRELLA #1 and the inside back cover of VAMPIRELLA #2. The sketches provided a basis for Sutton's artwork while Frazetta's final cover painting for VAMPIRELLA #1 ran unchanged.

VAMPIRELLA was young and unproven as a magazine when she began. "I didn't really know then where we wanted to take her," Warren said. "There is a real difference between the first VAMPIRELLA stories because of that. We've taken it out of the tongue-in-cheek category, represented by the first two episodes."

Under writer Archie Goodwin's tutelage, VAMPIRELLA's main conflict came more and more into focus with the introduction of Doctor Conrad Van Helsing and his son, Adam, in "Who Serves the Cause of Chaos?"

VAMPIRELLA #60.

Goodwin laid the groundwork for a continuing cast of characters bound and determined to end the world forever of the curse of vampirism.

Conrad and Adam Van Helsing are the modern descendants of the original Van Helsing character from Bram Stoker's terror classic "Dracula" and Doctor Abraham and Boris Van Helsing from Archie Goodwin's sequel "The Coffin of Dracula" from Creepy #s 8 & 9 (reprinted in Creepy #48).

Although the Van

Helsing's followed VAMPIRELLA through "Who Serves the Cause of Chaos?" (VAMPIRELLA #10) and "The Testing" (VAMPIRELLA #9) they remained in the background, not

returning to meet VAMPIRELLA until "Carnival of the Damned" (VAMPIRELLA #11). Before striking out at VAMPIRELLA, Conrad Van Helsing had to be absolutely certain that it was she who had murdered his brother Kurt, turning him into a vampire like himself. Vowing to find and destroy the vampire beast responsible for Kurt's everlasting death, Conrad drove a stake through his brother's heart in "Who Serves the Cause of Chaos?"

While writer Goodwin never revealed who in fact actually murdered Kurt and thereby renewed the ancient Van Helsing mission to destroy vampirism, has Conrad been on the wrong trail? Adam Van Helsing seems to think so. "In the past I've never doubted that we like Van Hellsungs before us, were right in what we're doing," he said in "Carnival of the Damned" (VAMPIRELLA #11). "Yet since we've been tracking this girl, I call it a 'feeling,' maybe we've inherited a little of your psychic power, but she doesn't seem like the others! For the first time, I feel like a murderer!"

Unable to convince himself of the justness of his father's cause, Adam has waged an inner battle within himself, whether to recognize or deny the feelings of love he has for the girl called VAMPIRELLA. From their very first meeting in

CONTINUED ON BACK COVER



The fabulous cover of VAMPIRELLA #10



Febe Barbarella came from VAMPIRELLA



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VAMPIRELLA

CONTENTS SPECIAL ISSUE No. 19

SEPTEMBER 1972

4

SHADOW OF DRACULA The continuing adventures of VAMPIRELLA as she and Count Dracula travel back in time to the late 19th Century. All New!

14

TO KILL A GOD! A classic tale of ages past when legend was king and the all knowing Sphinx was but herald to Anubis. From VAMPIRELLA #12.

22

TWO SILVER BULLETS! Murderous timber wolves stalk the winter night and the dreams of a young woman. Beware the Loup Garou. From VAMPIRELLA #1.

28

FATE'S COLD FINGER Pity poor Frank Williams. Unlucky in love, unlucky at everything else. Ever have one of those days? From VAMPIRELLA #9.

34

JACK THE RIPPER STRIKES AGAIN The year is 1888 and Jack the Ripper stalks the fog-shrouded streets of London in search of new victims. From VAMPIRELLA #9.

42

THE SURVIVOR For ages, the creature managed to survive, adapting the bodies of others as he aged so to remain immortal. From VAMPIRELLA #7.

48

THE SOFT SWEET LIPS OF HELL A succubus, she travelled the winds of night, her awesome beauty a golden lure to trap unwary men. From VAMPIRELLA #10.

71

THE SILVER THIEF AND THE PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER Warned of the consequences, good Arquaman lived his life out in silence, telling no one until the end. From VAMPIRELLA #13.

PROLOGUE: 1897-- SOMEWHERE IN MAINE, A COACH MAKES ITS WAY TOWARD THE ANCIENT VAN HELSING MANSION. AT THE PEET OF THE RIDERS LIES A STRANGE CARGO, A COFFIN WHICH HAS CROSSED THE NORTH ATLANTIC, ENROUTE FROM LONDON, TO FULFILL A STRANGE DESTINY! BUT STRANGE STILL IS A PASSENGER, ACCOMPANYING THAT COFFIN, TO HER, CONVENTIONS, ABRAHAM VAN HELSING AND JONATHAN AND MINA HARKER, SHE IS KNOWN AS ELLA NORMAND, LABORATORY ASSISTANT TO DR. VAN HELSING! BUT SHE IS KNOWN BY ANOTHER NAME--FOR THIS IS THE GIRL WHO TRAVELED TO EARTH FROM THE VAMPIRE-WORLD OF DRAKULON--AND WHOSE TRAVELS HAVE BROUGHT HER NOW TO THE DIM AND DISTANT PAST! THIS IS...

VAMPIRELLA

ANOTHER TIME--
ANOTHER CAUSE, EVEN
MODERN DAY EARTH WAS
STRANGE TO ME. I BUT NOW--
THROUGH WITCHCRAFT--I
FIND MYSELF IN THE YEAR
1897, SEEKING A CURE FOR
VAMPIRISM! IF I SUCCEED,
PERHAPS I CAN FIND
PEACE AT LAST, SOME
THING I HAVE NOT YET
KNOWN ON THIS
PLANET!



"IT ALL BEGAN WHEN, IN THE PRESENT, ADAM FOUND A SECRET ROOM IN THE VAN HELSING ANCESTRAL MANSION, AND BEGAN TO READ THE AGING DOCUMENTS HIDDEN THERE...."

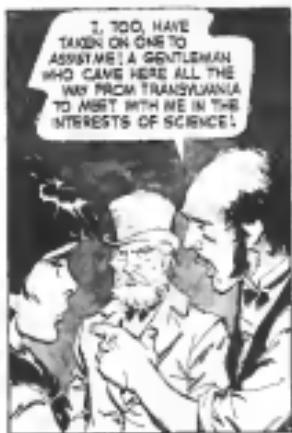


WE VAN HELSINGS HAVE LEARNED MANY SECRETS THROUGH OUR ENDLESS STRUGGLES AGAINST THE FORCES OF EVIL! MY WIFE WITCHCRAFT-- CAN FERCE THE BARRIERS OF TIME AND SPACE, AS WELL. (GOOD LUCK, VAMPIRELLA!) WE HAVE GIVEN YOU NINETEENTH CENTURY CLOTHING AND MONEY AS WELL, AS AN AMPLE SUPPLY OF YOUR SERUM! NOW, IF YOU ARE STILL WILLING, I SHALL SEND YOU TO LONDON TO APPLY FOR WORK WITH DR. ABRAHAM VAN HELSING. JUST BEFORE HE LEAVES FOR THIS COUNTRY!

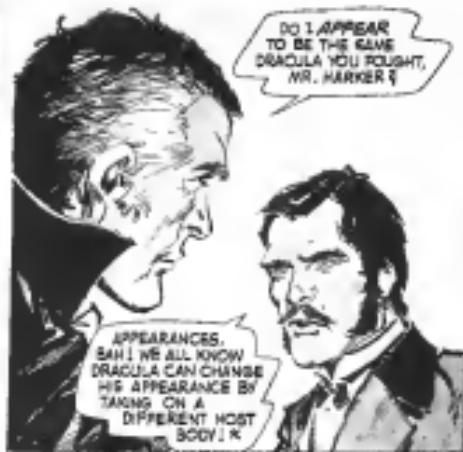
WHAT CHOICE DO I HAVE? IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE TO LIVE A NORMAL LIFE!







SHADOW OF DRACULA!



I HAD HOPED WE COULD AVOID SUCH A SCENE AS THIS! THIS COUNT DRACULA IS A DESCENDANT OF THE AGE-OLD MONSTER YOU DESTROYED! HE IS MOST DISTRAUGHT OVER THE EVIL CAUSED BY THAT DRACULA, AND WISHES TO ATONE FOR IT BY AIDING US IN OUR PROJECT!

LET US NOT PRE-JUDGE HIM. JONATHAN, I AM A MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SINS OF HIS FAMILY? SUCH REASONING BELONGS IN THE DARK AGES! THIS IS THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, MY GOOD MAN!



HOW THAT THE PROBLEM HAS BEEN RESOLVED, GENTLEMEN, LET US BRING IN OUR MOST PRECIOUS CARGO!

VERY WELL! I APOLOGIZE, COUNT DRACULA... FOR NOW!



BORIS VAN HELSING MAY HAVE CONVINCED THE OTHERS, BUT HE DIDN'T CONVINCE ME! THIS COUNT DRACULA IS THE SAME COUNT DRACULA I BATTLED IN THE PAST! I THOUGHT HE HAD TURNED FROM HIS LIFE OF EVIL AND BROKEN HIS PACT WITH CHAOS! COULD IT HAVE BEEN 'WICKED' COULD IT BE THAT HE CAME HERE TO THE PAST TO PREVENT THE VAN HELSING BROTHERS FROM CONTINUING THEIR WORK?



THE FACT THAT YOU
KNOW WHO I AM PROVES
YOU USED TO BE A MAN
HONESTLY. YOU ARE THE
SAME DRACULA, ONLY A
CENTURY OLDER -- YOU
TRAVELED HERE FROM
OUR CENTURY!
WHY?

WHEN I SAW YOU
EARLIER, AS ELLA
NORMANDY, I THOUGHT
IT WAS YOU I HAVE BROKEN
MY PACT WITH THE MAD GOD
CHAOIS, WHO CAUSED THE
EVIL IN ME! I SEEK ONLY
TO ATONE FOR WHAT
I HAVE DONE NOW!

HOW?
BY RUNNING THE
VAN HELSING BROTHERS
PROJECT!



"IT BEGAN WHEN THAT STRANGE GODDESS FROM
THE STARS, KNOWN ONLY AS THE CONJURRESS,
RETURNED TO ME AFTER THESE MANY CENTURIES. *"

"WHEN I KNEW YOU
LONG AGO, DRACULA, YOU
WERE NOT THIS I YOUR
VERY AURA. NOW IS
EVIL!"

"THE CONJURRESS!
YOU'VE COME
BACK TO ME!"

"MY LOVE FOR HER, BROUGHT BACK THE
MEMORIES OF THE NOBLE IDEALS I HAD ONCE
CHERISHED -- AND FILLED ME WITH HORROR, AT
WHAT I HAD BECOME! I WISHED TO CHANGE
MY DESTINY THEN, SO, WITH MY CONSENT, SHE
TOOK ME TO THE PATH OF ATONEMENT WHERE..."

"ALL THE EVIL YOU HAVE DONE
HAS PASSED THROUGH YOUR MIND
NOW, DRACULA; BUT YOUR
SUFFERING HAS ONLY BEGUN, I FEAR.
THE END OF THE CENTURIES ARE
YOURS TO ATONE FOR, EVEN THOUGH
IT WAS THE POWER OF THE MAD GOD
CHAOIS THAT CAUSED YOU TO BE SOI
HAD YOU POSSESSED INNER
STRENGTH, YOU COULD HAVE
DEFIED HIM, NO MATTER
WHAT THE COST!"



* SEE "DRACULA STILL LIVES" IN VAMPIRELLA #18

"THEN, SHE SENT ME HURTLED THROUGH TIME,
TO THIS CENTURY..."



THERE ARE
MANY WAYS, DRACULA,
THROUGH WHICH A MAN
MAY ATONE FOR THE EVIL
HE HAS DONE! BUT THOSE
WAYS ARE NOT EASILY
UNDERSTOOD! THIS IS VAN
HELSING MANSION, IN THE
YEAR 1897! THE MASTER
OF THIS HOUSE IS BORIS
VAN HELSING, BROTHER OF
ABRAHAM, THE MAN WHO
FIRST DEFEATED YOU IN
ENGLAND! YOU MUST
MEET WITH THIS MAN,
AND GAIN HIS TRUST!
YOU MUST AID HIM
IN HIS RESEARCH!

I - I DON'T
UNDERSTAND...

YOU WILL! BUT FOR NOW, KNOW
ONLY THIS: I HAVE TAKEN FROM YOU
YOUR CHAOS GRANTED POWERS—AND
CURSES! YOU ARE NOW AS ANY OTHER
BEING FROM THE PLANT DRACULON,
SUCH AS VAMPIRELLA! YOU CAST A
SHADOW, A REFLECTION, AND YOU
NEED NOT FEAR THE SUN! BUT
YOU ARE STILL A HUMANBEING!

THEN
I WILL NEED
BLOOD TO
SURVIVE!

NO, NOT TO
SURVIVE! FOR I WILL
NOT ALLOW YOU TO DIE!
YOUR BLOODLUST
REMANNS, DRACULA
BUT YOU MUST
CONQUER IT!

CONJURRESS,
WAIT, I'LL NEED
YOUR HELP!



SHE PROVIDED
ME WITH CREDENTIALS
AND LETTERS OF
INTRODUCTION TO
BORIS VAN HELSING! WHEN
I SAW THAT THEY
INTRODUCED ME AS
COUNT DRACULA, I
FEARED I WOULD
RECEIVE THE STARE
RATHER THAN A
WELCOME!
APPARENTLY, THE
MAGIC OF THE
CONJURRESS CAUSED
THEM TO TRUST
ME!



ALL RIGHT!
I'LL BELIEVE
YOU!



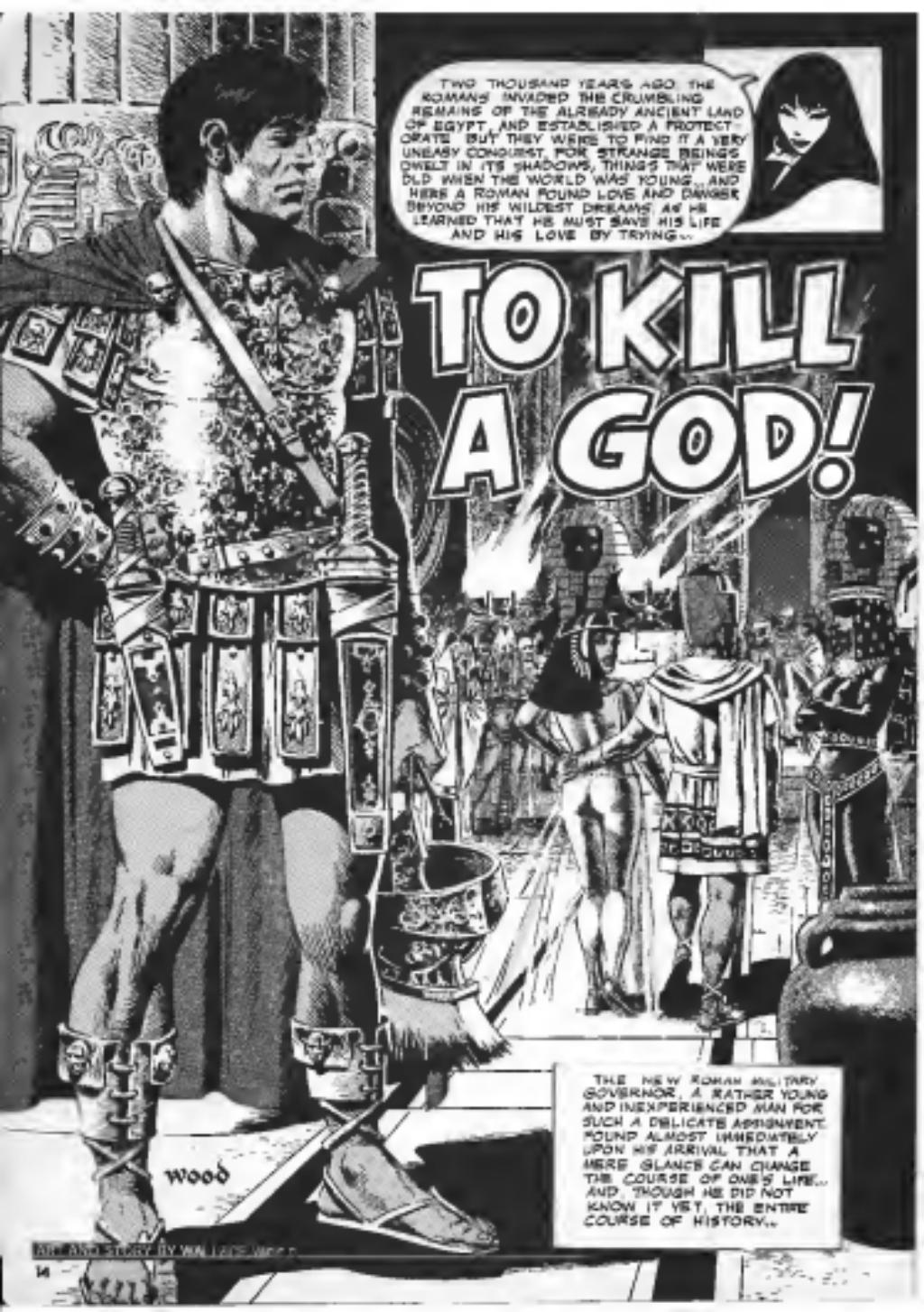
AND WITH MORNING COMES GRIM WORK THAT MUST BE DONE...



WHEN JONATHAN HAS TAKEN MINA AWAY...



NEXT ISSUE: "WHEN WAKES THE DEAD"



TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO THE ROMANS INVADED THE CRUMBLING REMAINS OF THE ALREADY ANCIENT LAND OF EGYPT AND ESTABLISHED A PROTECTORATE. BUT THEY WERE TO FIND IT A VERY UNEASY CONQUEST FOR STRANGE BEINGS DWELT IN ITS SHADOWS, THINGS THAT WERE OLD WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG, AND HERE A ROMAN FOUND LOVE AND DANGER BEYOND HIS WILDEST DREAMS AS HE LEARNED THAT HE MUST SAVE HIS LIFE AND HIS LOVE BY TRYING...

TO KILL A GOD!

THE NEW ROMAN MILITARY GOVERNOR, A RATHER YOUNG AND INEXPERIENCED MAN FOR SUCH A DELICATE ASSIGNMENT, FOUND ALMOST IMMEDIATELY UPON HIS ARRIVAL THAT A MERE GLANCE CAN CHANGE THE COURSE OF ONE'S LIFE... AND, THOUGH HE DID NOT KNOW IT YET, THE ENTIRE COURSE OF HISTORY...

Wood

AS ONE IN A TRANCE,
THE ROMAN GOVERNOR
RISED AFTER THE DE-
PARTED PRINCESS...
THEN, SUDDENLY—



HIS SHORT SWORD FLICKERED IN AND OUT IN THE
GLOOM, AND ONE OF THE GHASTLY ATTACKERS
FELL, HIS LIFE BLOOD SPURTING...



ROMAN! LOOK OUT
BEHIND YOU!

BUT WHAT
ARE THEY? I
HAVE NEVER
SEEN THEM
LIKE!

LATER, AFTER HE HAD SEEN
HER SAFELY HOME...

YOU ARE THE
NEW GOVERNOR?
ARE YOU NOT?
HOW ARE
YOU CALLING?

MARCUS... AND I
AM NOT YOUR
GOVERNOR, BUT
YOUR SLAVE!



THEY ARE
THE CREATURES-
AND CREATIONS-
OF THE GOD
ANUBIS!

HOW GALLANT YOU ARE--AND
HOW UNUSUAL--A POLITICIAN
WHO IS ALSO A LOVER AND
A FIGHTING MAN...

A LOVE BOTH TENDER AND PASSIONATE GREW
AND YET SHE WAS OFTEN PENSIVE, AND
THEN ONE NIGHT, AS HE TRIED TO EXPRESS
HIS FEELING IN WORDS...

I MUST
TELL
YOU...

DON'T PLEASE.
I BEG OF YOU: LET
US JUST LIVE, AND
ENJOY, AND NOT LOOK
AHEAD OR BACK, OR
SPEAK OF
LOVE...

IS IT BECAUSE YOU ARE A PRINCESS?
A ROMAN CITIZEN IS THE SOUL OF THE
ROYALTY OF ANY WEAK AND DECADENT
PROTECTORATE SUCH AS YOUR EGYPT?

STOP! IT ISN'T THAT?
I MUST NOT LOVE YOU
...NOR ANYONE...



BUT WHY?

AND THEN, ONE DAY...

THE PRINCESS HAS DISAPPEARED!
ANUBIS! TITUS! BEGIN A
SEARCH! FIND HER!



SHE IS IN THE TEMPLE OF ANUBIS...BUT I FEAR FINDING HER IS THE EASY PART...SHE IS IN THE POWER OF A GOD!

A GOD?

A PRIEST, YOU MEAN!

EVEN NOW SHE IS PREPARING TO BECOME THE BRIDE OF ANUBIS...

THAT DRINK SHE IS BEING DRUGGED!

NO, I MEAN A GOD! I KNOW IT IS HARD FOR AN INFIDEL -- BEGGING YOUR INDULGENCE, SIRE -- TO ACCEPT BUT...

NOT HARD, ANKHON -- IMPOSSIBLE!

LOOK! THERE SHE IS! BUT WHAT?

THE MUSIC REACHED A CLIMAX, AND SHE WRITHED, MOANING AS IF IN PAIN, THEN COLLAPSED ACROSS A DIVAN, THE ASIED ANKHON BEGIN TO SPEAK, VERY SOFTLY...

NO DOUBT, SIRE...

BUT HOW IT IS ABOUT TO DRINK?

SUDDENLY, UASSEN PIPES AND STRINGS BEGAN AN EERIE RHYTHM, AND SHE BEGAN TO SWAY TO A MELODY TERRIBLY ALIEN -- BOTH CHILLING AND SENSUAL...

FROM TIME BEYOND MEMORY, THE STATUE OF ANUBIS HAS COME TO LIFE AND INITIATED A MAIDEN INTO THE SACRED MYSTERIES...

I HAVE NO DOUBT THAT ON OCCASION A PRIEST HAS BEEN TEMPTED TO USE THIS CUSTOM TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF A YOUNG WOMAN AS DESIRED...

BUT I HAVE SEEN THE FACE OF ANUBIS, AND IT IS NOT A MASK! IT IS THE FACE OF A WOLF, AS YOU WILL SEE IF YOU ARE UNLUCKY!



IN SPITE OF
HIMSELF, MARCUS
FELT A SHIVER
OF SUPERSTITIOUS
DREAD AS THE
IDOL STOOD UP.
... BUT ALL WAS
BLOTTED OUT BY
A RAP RAGE AS
THE GOD MOVED
TOWARD THE
PRINCESS...

HOW I
WILL SEE
IF THIS
'GOD'
BLEEDS!

NOT'S
BAD OF
YOU! DO
NOT TRY TO
KILL A GOD.

THERE WAS
NO STOPPING
THE BERSERK
ROMAN...

EEEEE
OH, NO!

WELL? AREN'T
YOU GLAD TO
SEE ME?

OH, MARCUS!
YOU HAVE JUST
COMMITTED
SUICIDE!

WHY? THIS IS BUT
A MAN... A PRIEST
IN A MASK!

THAT
MAY BE,
BUT
THERE
IS A REAL
ANUBIS...

LATER, AS MARCUS LEFT...
FAREWELL, MY LOVE...
I MUST GO TO MY
DESTINY... TO
ANUBIS...

...GIVE
MYSELF
TO
HIM...

PERHAPS THEN
HE WILL NOT
HARM YOU...



AND SOON...

I CAN SEE CLIFFS
AHEAD... STRANGE,
WHITE CLIFFS!
MAKE READY
TO GO
ASHORE!

... AND
PRAY
ANKHNON'S
SILVER
ARROW IS
INDEED
MAGIC!

OH, MARCUS... MARCUS...
WHY DID YOU COME?
ARE YOU SO EAGER TO DIE?
I TRIED TO SPARE YOU
THIS... FOR, NO MATTER
HOW GOOD, OR STRONG,
OR WISE, NO MAN CAN
DO WHAT YOU ARE
ATTEMPTING!

LOOK, SIR!
THERE SHE
IS! STAKED
OUT LIKE BAIT
IN A TRAP! SHALL
WE LAND ELSE-
WHERE, OR...

SOON DETAILS ON THE
SHORE WERE VISIBLE...
AND THEY SAW THAT THE
CLIFFS WERE COMPOSED
OF HUMAN BONES... THE
COUNTLESS BONES OF
ALL THE DEAD OF FIFTY
CENTURIES OF AN ANCIENT
RACE...

NO! WE GO
ASHORE RIGHT
HERE! LET US SEE
IF OUR GOOD ROMAN
STEEL CAN BREAK
THE TEETH OF
THIS TRAP!

THE ROMANS WERE AFRAID,
BUT THEIR DISCIPLINE HELD.
AT A SIGNAL FROM MARCUS,
THEY PLUNGED INTO THE
SURF, AND, FORMING THEIR
IMPERMEABLE PHALANX,
MARCHED ASHORE...

IMMEDIATELY, THEY WERE ATTACKED, BUT BY CREATURES OF FLESH AND BLOOD...

ADVANCE!

YOU MEN
CARRY ON
WITH THE
KILLING...

HOLD
FAST YOUR
SHIELD
WALL!

I WILL GO TO THE
PRINCESS, AND
SEE IF ANUBIS
MAKES HIS
APPEARANCE...

OH,
MARCUS!
YOU SHOULD
NOT HAVE TRIED.
BUT LET US SEE
IF WE CAN ESCAPE
BEFORE ANUBIS...

IT'S TOO LATE,
MY PRINCESS!
LOOK BEHIND
YOU!

FLINGING THE GIRL ASIDE, THE WOLF GOD ATTACKED...

...AND MARCUS WAS SHAKEN ENOUGH TO FORGET THE ARROW AND USE HIS SHORT SWORD...

NO! IT CANNOT BE!

AGAIN HE DESTROYED THE MASK OF ANUBIS BUT THIS TIME...

ANKHNON WAS RIGHT!

HIS BLADE FLASHED AS ANUBIS LEAPED AT HIS THROAT...

THEN, WITH THE HELPLESS FEELING OF ONE TRAPPED IN A NIGHTMARE, HE FELT RAZOR-SHARP FANGS RIPPING AT HIS ANKLE. A WAVE OF DIZZINESS SWEEP OVER HIM, THEN EVERYTHING GROW DARK...

...AND HE OPENED HIS EYES A MOMENT LATER TO SEE...

...PUN THROUGH... AND HE'S STILL COMIN'!

AAARGH!

WEAK AND FAINT, MARCUS
RENDERED THE ARROW...



...AS THE SHARP TEETH
OF ANUBIS POUNDED THE
GIRL'S THROAT...



...BUT A SECOND LATER, THE ROMAN
LET FLY THE SILVER SHARP OF THE
WISE ANKHON, STRIKING THE GOD-
BEAST SQUARELY IN THE HEART!



AS HE DIED, ANUBIS
BEGAN TO
CHANGE



...FROM WOLF'S
HEAD TO AN INCREDIBLY
OLD MAN... THEN TO A GRINNING
SKULL, WHICH CRUMBLED AND
DISSOLVED INTO A CLOUD OF DUST...

NOW
HE
IS
DEAD!

YOU'VE DONE
IT! OH, MARCUS!
I LOVE YOU!



AT
LAST!



AROUND
THE SHIP,
IT WAS A
SIMPLE
MATTER
TO
REMOVE
HER CHAINS...

CONFIDENTLY, THEY
SET SAIL FOR THE
LAND OF THE LIVING...
BUT THAT NIGHT, SOMETHING
HAPPENED, AND THEY
KNEW THAT THEY
COULD NOT RETURN
TO A NORMAL LIFE...

M-MY HANDS!



THE NEXT MORNING...
IT MUST HAVE
BEEN THE BITE
OF ANUBIS.
NOW WE ARE
AS HE
WAS...

OH,
BEGN THE BITE
OF ANUBIS.
WHAT
ARE
WE GODS
OR
MONSTERS
?



THEY SWERVED TO
THE EAST AND PASSED
BETWEEN ROME AND
GREECE, LANDING IN
A MOUNTAINOUS AREA
OF THE CONTINENT...



AND THAT IS THE
STORY OF WHAT REALLY
HAPPENED TO MARCUS
ANTONIUS AND CLEOPATRA:
THEY SETTLED IN THE
BALIKANS, AND ARE STILL
ALIVE (OR DEAD, OR
LIVING DEAD, DEPENDING
ON YOUR POINT OF VIEW)
IN A REGION THAT HAS
SINCE COME TO BE
CALLED
TRANSYLVANIA!





THIS IS ONE WAY TO COOL IT, GANG! UP HERE... IN BACKWOODS CANADA... WHERE PEOPLE STILL REAR THE LOUPE GAROU... AND WHERE A GUN MAY BE LOADED WITH...

TWO SILVER BULLETS!

MARIE DID NOT SEE THE LARGE, GRAY TIMBER WOLF BEFORE IT STRUCK... NOR DID SHE HEAR IT! IT JUST SEEMED TO APPEAR IN A FURIOUS BLUR OF HAIR AND CRIMSON EYES AND GLEAMING FANGS! BY THEN, IT WAS TOO LATE...



SHE TRIED TO STRUGGLE... IT WAS USELESS! ALREADY THE WEIGHT OF THE SNARLING BRUTE HAD FORCED HER TO THE SNOW...

MARIA! MARIA!



I'M CLOSE ENOUGH TO GET AN ACCURATE SHOT! THERE! DEAD CENTER!

KACHYA!



HE FIRED AGAIN, AND...

I HIT IT! I SHOT IT TWICE
THROUGH THE SKULL! AND IT
JUST STANDS THERE... STARING
AT ME!

IT'S RUNNING OFF, BUT THOSE
EYES... THOSE RED EYES! LOOKED
ALMOST HUMAN! BUT... MARIA,
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

....I THINK
SO, FATHER!

THIS BLOOD SAYS YOU'RE
NOT THAT FILTHY BEAST!
IT HURT YOU!

IT... DOESN'T
HURT MUCH! I'LL
BE ALL RIGHT!



HOME, MARIA! YOU'LL
BE SAFE HERE! AND I CAN
DRESS THOSE WOUNDS!

INSIDE THE WELCOMED CABIN, HE FELT THE BARREL OF THE
STILL WARM RIFLE... INSPECTED IT...



AND I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO
FORGET THE WAY THAT WOLF
JUST STARED AT ME... WHEN
IT COULD HAVE ATTACKED!

I HAD THE SAME FEELING!
WHEN IT ATTACKED ME...



...ITS EYES... EVEN BURNING
LIKE THEY WERE... WERE STRANGELY
HUMAN!

OF COURSE! I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED! EVEN THE MOON SPEAKS THE TRUTH!

RATHER!

THE FULL MOON! THE WEREWOLF MOON! MY PREY IS...LOUP-GAROU! AND IT CANNOT BE KILLED BY MY BULLETS! CURSE IT! BUT IN THE MORNING, WHEN IT IS SAFE, WE SHALL SEE!



DAWN HAD BARELY ABSORBED THE NIGHT WHEN...



AND AS HE LEFT, MARIA DREAMED STRANGE YET PLEASING DREAMS...





ALREADY, MARIA'S FATHER HAD REACHED HIS DESTINATION... A STRANGE PLACE TO ENTER ARMED WITH SUCH AN IMPLEMENT OF DEATH...



THE DAYLIGHT LINGERED FOR SEEMINGLY AN ETERNITY.... WHILE HIS HUMAN HATRED MOUNTED. AGAIN AND AGAIN HE CHECKED HIS RIFLE FOR THE POTENT CARTRIDGES IN FUTILE ATTEMPTS TO BREAK THE MONOTONY....



TRACKING THE BEAST'S PAW PRINTS
HAS NO DIFFICULT MATTER...BUT
AS HE REACHED THE ORIGIN OF
THOSE SOUL-TURNING HOWLS...



WELL, I HAVE TWO
SILVER BULLETS! ONE
FOR EACH OF THEM!



THEN HE AIMED AT THE
WHITE WOLF...AND AS HIS
FINGER MOVED, A SUDDEN
RECOGNITION IN THE CREA-
TURE'S EYES SCREAMED FOR
HIM TO STOP...



THE WHITE WOLF MADE A
FINAL YELP OF PAIN...THEN
FELL A FAMILIAR FORM IN
THE EVENING SNOW.



WELL, THAT FRENCH-CANADIAN
WOULD STILL HAVE HIS DAUGHTER
IF HE COULD'A MANAGED TO KEEP
HIS TRAP SHUT! AND HE STILL
OWES THE GOOD PADRE' FOR
THOSE SILVER BULLETS! THEY
DON'T COME CHEAP! I KNOW
AN INDIAN WHO'LL TELL YOU
THAT!



PROLOGUE...



SO THAT'S WHERE
THE RANCY SPORTS
CAR CAME FROM...



FRANK WILLIAMS THIS IS
MR. GEORGE TOMKINS. GEORGE
IS IN REAL ESTATE



HOW CAN YOU BE
SO ARROGANT, FRANK WILLIAMS?
I'VE JUST INTRODUCED YOU
TO SOMEONE! NO, I WILL
NOT GO OUT WITH YOU TOMORROW
OR EVER AGAIN UNTIL YOU
LEARN SOME MANNERS AND

**MAKE SOMETHING
OF YOURSELF!**



OH, I'M NOT
GOOD ENOUGH
ADAY ENOUGH
FOR YOU NOW
EH?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT
I EVER SAW IN YOU
FRANK! YOU'RE A
COMPLETE **SOB**!
NOW PLEASE LEAVE US
ALONE, AND DON'T
BOTHER TO CALL ON
ME AGAIN!

... FRANK WILLIAMS HAD
NEVER ATTEMPTED SUICIDE
BEFORE. HOWEVER, REJECTION
FREQUENTLY GIVES BIRTH TO PRASIC
PICKISH, SUICIDE UNFORTUNATELY
FALLING IN THAT CATEGORY.
WITNESS HERE FRANK WILLIAMS
EXPERIENCES IN HIS ATTEMPTS
TO TAKE HIS OWN LIFE, ATTEMPTS
WHICH CULMINATE WITH THE
INTERVENTION OF AN AGENT
WHICH MIGHT BE LABELLED...

FATE'S COLD FINGER!

I MUST NOT SEE
EACH OTHER AGAIN
DROPPED ME COLD
CAUSE I'M A POOR
SOD-BUSTER. OH, ANNE,
WHY COULDN'T YOU SHARE
YOUR LIFE WITH ME
HERE ON THIS FARM
LIKE WE PLANNED?

KEN BARR

OH GEORGE,
YOUR SPORTS CAR
IS SUCH A ~~645~~!
I FEEL JUST LIKE
I'M FLYING.

IF YOU THINK THIS
IS SOMETHING, JUST WAIT
TILL I GET A CHANCE TO OPEN
HER UP ALL THE WAY!
THIS IS NO ADVICE AND CARY
LIKE WILLIAMS TOOK YOU
OUT IN, BABY!

I'LL BET
SHE'S WITH
THAT CITY-
SLICKER
TOMORROW!
HIM WITH HIS
FANCY CLOTHES
AND SPORTS
CAR?
HOW CAN I
HOPE TO
COMPETE
WITH HIM?

NOTHING LEFT NOW
WITH ANNE GONE...
WONDER WHAT THIS WILL
FEEL LIKE...

WHAT THE!... ROME
BROKE! WHAT A LAUGH!
I'M THE ALL-TIME LOSER...
CAN'T EVEN KILL MYSELF!
HOW YOUD LAUGH, ANNE,
IF YOU COULD SEE
ME NOW!



Y KNOW,
BABY, I
DON'T SEE
HOW YOU
COULD EVEN
GET ~~CHANCE~~
TO THAT
HAY-BEEN
FARMER
WITHOUT
LAUGHING
AT HIM!



"TRY, TRY AGAIN"
THEY SAY. WELL,
AT LEAST MY
RAZOR WON'T BE
ABLE TO BREAK!

...WITH TREMBLING HANDS WHICH BELIE THE OUTCOME OF HIS
SECOND ATTEMPT TO ~~CUT~~ SHORT HIS OWN LIFE, FRANK
WILLIAMS REACHES FOR HIS STRAIGHT RAZOR.



IT'S NO
USE! I JUST
CAN'T DO
IT!

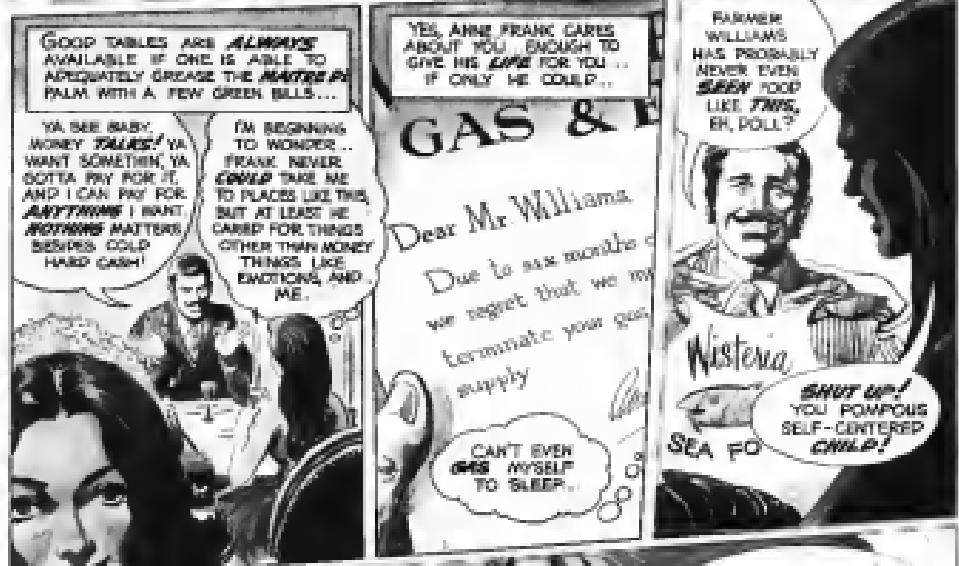
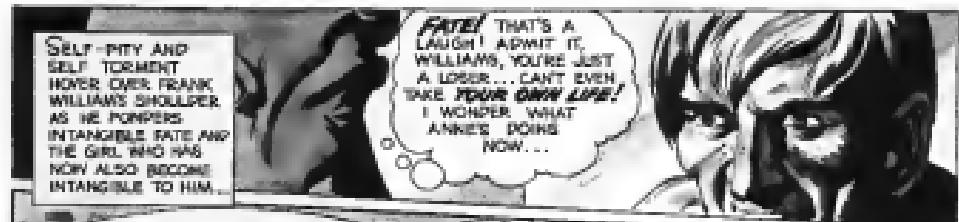


GOTTA DO
IT AN EASIER
WAY... SOMETHING
PAINLESS... AN
OVERDOSE OF
SLEEPING
 PILLS...



EMPTY!

IT'S ALMOST AS IF I'M
BEING FOLED SOMEHOW...
AS IF I'M NOT MEANT TO
DIE. COULD SUCH A
THING AS FATE EXIST?





BUT THE TORMENT OF LOST LOVE WREAKS PITIABLE RESULTS
FROM THE LONELY...



RRRRRRRIIINNNGG

THE RINGING OF
FRANK WILLIAMS
PHONE INVOKES
THE INSTINCTIVE
RESPONSE TO
ANSWER IT. NUMB
DEPRESSION IS
WASHED AWAY AND
ELATION LIGHTS
HIS FACE AT THE
SOUND OF HIS
BELIEVED ANNE'S
VOICE.



EXPECTATION SPURS HIS FEET AS
A COMPLETELY CHANGED FRANK
WILLIAMS DASHES FROM HIS HOUSE



BUT PERHAPS FRANK'S
REQUEST IS ANSWERED
OR PERHAPS A STRANGE AND
TWISTED **FATE** DOES EXIST
REARING ITS MYSTERIOUS HEAD
OFTEN ONLY TO PERPETRATE
THE MOST GROSSLY SUPREME
IRONIES...



Sorry you can't enter—but why don't you wait anyway—the ones standing will be out any minute...!

SHE'S THE THIRTEENTH ONE—GUTTED LIKE A FISH AND LEFT...FOR THE RATS. AND WE HAVENT GOT A SINGLE CLUE AS TO WHO IS BEHIND IT ALL...OR WHY.



POLICE MORGUE

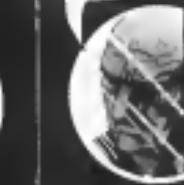
"THE YEAR IS 1888. THE PLACE, A DARK, FORBIDDING POLICE MORGUE SOMEWHERE IN LONDON. FOR OVER A MONTH, AN ELUSIVE, FIENDISH MURDERER HAS BEEN LEADING A REIGN OF TERROR RIGHT UNDER THE VERY NOSES OF INSPECTOR ALFRED MARSH AND HIS ASSISTANT, JOHN BRENNER. THE TIME HAS COME TO FIND THIS MYSTERIOUS KILLER AND DESTROY HIM. ONCE AND FOR ALL. INSPECTOR MARSH AND JOHN BRENNER HAVE VOWED TO CAPTURE HIM BEFORE....

JACK THE RIPPER STRIKES AGAIN

BUT THERE
MUST BE A
PATTERN
TO THE
KILLINGS!

ONLY THAT HE
ALWAYS MURDERS
WOMEN. TEARS
THEM TO SHREDS
WITH A KNIFE.

THE NEWSPAPERS CALL HIM
JACK THE RIPPER!



POLICE

MORGUE



THEN WE'RE
DEALING WITH
A MADMAN!

NO, HE'D LIKE US
TO THINK
THAT!



EVEN MADMEN COMMIT THEIR CRIMES IN AN OBVIOUS PATTERN OF TIME AND PLACE. THE RIPPER IS WORSE THAN MAD—HE IS SHOCKINGLY SAME, WITH THE CRUELEST, MOST CUNNING MIND I'VE EVER COME UP AGAINST! IT'S ALMOST AS THOUGH HE KNOWS OUR MOVE EVEN BEFORE WE DO!



“WORLD JUST AS SOON SEE US DEAD THAN HELP US.”

“WELL, IT WON'T HURT TO GIVE IT ANOTHER TRY. JUST SHOW ME WHERE THAT GIRL WAS KILLED AND I'LL BE OFF.”



“HERE—ON WALMSLEY LANE. BUT TAKE CARE, JOHN. THEY'RE A ROUGH BUNCH OVER THERE. AND IT'S A CHILL NIGHT...LET MISS SIMPSON GET SOME TEA IN YOU BEFORE GOING OUT.”



“I'VE GOT A POT ON NOW.”



“WHY IS EVERYONE GATHERED THERE?”

“THE RIPPER KILLED ANOTHER GIRL LAST NIGHT. THE POLICE WERE JUST HERE FOR HER. WE DON'T LIKE THE WAY THEY'RE HANDLING THINGS.”



“THEN, BEFORE JOHN KNOWS WHAT'S HAPPENING, THE SWARLING MOB HAS HIM SURROUNDED.”



THAT'S ENOUGH! WE'LL HELP THIS MAN NO MORE! LET'S BE OFF!



"AS IF BY MAGIC, THE ANGRY MOB MENTS AWAY DOWN COUNTLESS ALLEYS AND STREETS WITHIN MOMENTS, LEAVING ONLY A STRANGE OLD WOMAN SITTING ON A BENCH IN THE GROVE BEHIND..."



YOU'LL LEARN NOTHING MORE HERE, SIR. YOU SEE, THE RIPPER COULD BE A BROTHER OR A FATHER, SO YOU MUST UNDERSTAND WHY THEY WON'T TALK WITH YOU. THEY AREN'T AFRAID OF THE RIPPER. THEY'RE AFRAID OF THEMSELVES.

THEN
PERHAPS
YOU CAN
HELP ME.



ARE... I'VE SEEN THE MAN YOU'RE AFTER. ONLY SAW HIS FACE FOR AN INSTANT AS HE RAN PAST, BUT THE SIGHT OF IT WILL NEVER LEAVE MY EYES, ERRATL. IT WAS— WITH THE LOOK OF DEATH UPON IT. SEEK A MAN WITH THE FACE OF A CORPSE AND YOU WILL FIND YOUR MURDERER!



THE
FACE
OF A
CORPSE...



"JOHN BRENNER HURRIES BACK TO INSPECTOR MARSH'S OFFICE, BURNING WITH ENTHUSIASM..."

LUCK IS WITH US, INSPECTOR. I HAVE A DESCRIPTION OF THE RIPPER!



TAKE THIS DOWN, MISS SIMPSON!

FIRST OFF, I FOUND THE PEOPLE IN WALKINGLEY LANE HOSTILE... BUT A KINDY OLD WOMAN WAS BRAVE ENOUGH TO STEP FORWARD AND DESCRIBE THE KILLER. WE'RE AFTER, FROM WHAT SHE TOLD ME, THE RIPPER SHOULDN'T BE HARD TO FIND...



"BUT THAT NIGHT IN WAKASLEY LANE, THE RIPPER STRIKES AGAIN..."



FRESH
APPLES



"TWO EVIL, BLOOD-LUSTING EYES STARE OUT OF THE DARKNESS AT THEIR UNSUSPECTING PREY..."



"STEALTHY, A SINISTER FIGURE APPROACHES FROM BEHIND..."



"HIS GLOVED HANDS CLUTCHING A CLEAVING, RAZOR-SHARP DAGGER."



"THEN—WITHOUT
WARNING—"



"We STRIKE!"



"AGAIN AND AGAIN THE DEADLY DAGGER PLUNGED DOWNWARD."



"...REVEALING A PEQUAR SCAR
ON THE KILLER'S WRIST..."



"HIS GRISLY DEED
DONE, JACK THE
RIPPER FLEES INTO
THE CONCEALING
DARKNESS..."

"QUICKLY SLIPPING SOMETHING UNDER
HIS COAT..."



"THE FOLLOWING MORNING, INSPECTOR MARSH AND JOHN BRENNER HURRY TO WALMUSLEY LANE..."

"IT'S THE OLD
WOMAN WHO
HELPED ME!"

"BUTCHERED JUST LIKE THE REST. WHAT
MADMAN COULD HAVE DONE SUCH
A THING?"



"WE KNOW WHO DID IT! NEVER FOUND
YOUR JACK THE RIPPER—WITHOUT ANY
HELP FROM THE LAW!"



"WHAT?!"

"FOLLOW ME,
COPPERS—
IF YOU
WANT TO
MEET HIM
IN THE
FLESH!"



"INSPECTOR MARSH AND JOHN BRENNER ARE LED BY THE MOB TO A DIMLY, RUN-DOWN BOARDING
HOUSE..."

"THERE'S YOUR MURDERER,
INSPECTOR!"

"WHAT? WHO ARE
YOU? WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE?"



"IT'S THE JUDGEMENT DAY, MATE!
YOUR NIGHTS OF BUTCHERING
ARE OVER— JACK THE
RIPPER!"

"THE
RIPPER?!!
BUT I'M
NO
MURDERER!
YOU CAN'T
SAY I
AM!"



"HE DOES ANSWER THE
DESCRIPTION GIVEN BY
THE OLD WOMAN. AND
THAT FACE..."

"BUT CAN
WE BE
SURE HE'S
THE ONE?"



IS THIS PROOF ENOUGH? AND
HERE'S A BLOODY ONE!

I KNOW IT LOOKS BAD — BUT IT'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK! I KILLED
A DOG — YES, A DOG! IS THAT A CRIME? I SWEAR TO YOU — I DIDN'T
KILL ANYBODY! I'M INNOCENT! I'M NO MURDERER!



YOU'RE JACK THE RIPPER! AND
YOU'RE GOING TO PAY FOR
YOUR CRIMES!

STOP IT! YOU CAN'T TAKE
THE LAW INTO YOUR
OWN HANDS!



"BUT WHEN INSPECTOR MARSH
AND JOHN BIRKNER REGAIN
CONSCIOUSNESS, IT'S
TOO LATE..."



"ONE MONTH LATER, IN INSPECTOR MARSH'S OFFICE..."

WELL, JOHN—THERE HAVE BEEN THREE MORE RIPPER MURDERS SINCE THAT INCIDENT. MAN WAS DROWNED IN WALMISLEY LANE... WE'RE RIGHT BACK WHERE WE STARTED! I'VE PICKED UP EVERY MAN WHO COULD POSSIBLY ANSWER THE DESCRIPTION WE HAVE... AND STILL NO LUCK!

PRIVATE
INSPECTOR MARSH

WAH! I'VE JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING... SUPPOSE THE RIPPER ISN'T A "HE" AT ALL? WHAT IF HE'S REALLY A WOMAN? IT'S A CRAZY IDEA, BUT—WELL, ANYONE CAN WEAR A MASK, WHICH WOULD ACCOUNT FOR THE RIPPER'S GRUESOLE FACE. AND WHO CAN TELL WHAT'S SICK A FLEETING SHADOW IN THE DARKNESS IS?!

I ADMIT IT'S A POSSIBILITY, JOHN. BUT IT'S JUST TOO PREPOSTEROUS. NO WOMAN COULD COMMIT THOSE FENDISH CRIMES!

YES, I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT. OH—I ALMOST FORGOT: I CAME TO TELL YOU THAT I'VE BEEN ASSIGNED TO ANOTHER CASE. I'M AFRAID I'M GOING TO HAVE TO LEAVE YOU NOW.



I'M SO SORRY YOU HAVE TO GO, JOHN—WE'RE GOING TO MISS YOU AROUND HERE. GOOD LUCK ON YOUR NEW CASE. GOODBYE.

THANK YOU, INSPECTOR. HERE'S HOPING YOU CATCH THE RIPPER SOON, WHOEVER HE—OR SHE—is.



JOHN'S A GOOD MAN, BUT SOMETIMES HIS IMAGINATION GETS THE BETTER OF HIM. JACK THE RIPPER—A WOMAN. INDEED! BUT STILL, I SUPPOSE WE'LL NEVER KNOW FOR CERTAIN.

NO, SIR. I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU WILL...



WHY DO YOU SAY THAT, MISS SIMPSON?

OH—JUST A THOUGHT, INSPECTOR MARSH. JUST A THOUGHT...



POLICE MORGUE

PROLOGUE: "MY MEMORY IS OLD, BUT TIME IS OLDER!"
"SINCE I REMEMBER MUCH, I HAVE
FORGOTTEN MORE OF MY BEGINNINGS. I RECALL NOTHING
OF MY FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH THE INSECT LIFE THAT
WOULD ONE DAY BECOME ANAMANDA. I FORGOT EVEN
THE TORNADS OF A FABRIC ONCE INTRICATE IN DESIGN..."

"BUT I KNEW THE HUMANOID IN THEIR
PROTEAN YOUTH AND I - A CREATURE
WITHOUT SUBSTANCE, LIVING AS A
PARASITE... BECAME ANAMANDA, AT
THE EXPENSE OF ANOTHER..."



"...KNOBBING HIM, BETTER THAN HE COULD EVER
KNOW HIMSELF, I ROSE... BECAME ANAMANDA,
OF THOSE ANAMANDAS!"

"MY ARMIES BROKE THE
FARTH WITH THEIR
FREED. MY NAMES NEVER
LEFT THE SUN LOOK DOWN
UPON A MEA I DID NOT
OWN..."

EVER BEEN ALONE? SOLELY
ALONE? FOR AN HOUR? A
DAY... A WEEK... A THOUSAND
YEARS... MAYBE NOT WELL,
THIS FELLA HAS! BUT WATCH
COMPANY'S COMING...
COMING FROM DISTANT
EARTH, COMING TO DEPOSE
THE UNCHARTED PLANET...
COMING TO FIND...



the Survivor

AT FIRST I WAS AFRAID... AFRAID
BECAUSE THIS THING I SAW WAS
BEYOND MY COMPREHENSION... BEYOND
ALL REASON AND SENSE! I HID MYSELF,
GULVERING IN THE DEEP SHADOWS OF
A RUINED TEMPLE AND WATCHED THE
GIGANTIC TOWER BEND DOWN THE SKY
ON A COLUMN OF FIRE!



THEN THE TOWER WAS DOWN, RESTING
GROUN THE PAVEMENT OF THE ANCIENT
PLAZA... QUAKING ITS THUNDER, AND
BURNING ITS GREAT FIRES!



ONE A DAY AND A NIGHT "THERE WAS QUIETNESS" I FOUND A MUMMY IN ONE OF
MY "DRAWS". WITH A SKILL BORN OF LONG PRACTICE, I SNAPPED ITS NECK,
AND IT FELL... ALL THE WHILE WATCHING THE LAUNCH IN THE PLAZA....



THEN, ANOTHER PAWN, AND...

THESE WERE AGAINWARMERS, NOT LIKE THOSE I HAD KNOWN BEFORE THE ALL-DESTRUCTIVE PLAGUE, BUT...

...CLOSE...FADOMINATIALLY CLOSE...

INCREDIBLE! ALL THREE PUPS - AND NOT A LIVING SOUL!



MY BLOOD RACED! HERD NIGHT ON MY CHANCE!
NEW BODIES - NEW LIFE...



IT'S ONE REASON WHERE HERD, BELL - TO FIND OUT
WHAT HAPPENED TO THIS
FORMER POPULATION!



IT DONT MATTER THAT I COULDNT UNDERSTAND
THEIR LANGUAGE - THAT WOULD COME THE
MOMENT I RECOGNIZED ONE OF THEIR BODIES!

HOW ABOUT A SIBYL AMONG
THE OCEAN WONDERS, BELLAS?

NO THANKS,
SCOTT-HARVEYS
WORK TO DO!



I HAD ONLY TO STOKE THE STRONGEST,
THE MOST AGGRESSIVE...

DOWN THE MORN-SUITS
ALL YOUR THINGS ON!

THEY
WEREN'T
GOING
YOU
WHAT
THOUGHT
SWELL DAY!

...BODIES FLOODED BACK AS I FOLLOWED THE AVALANCHES
THROUGH THE DEAD RUINS OF MY ANCIENT CAPTOL....
MEMORIES OF POWER - GLORY....



I MEAN IT, SCOTT - IF
YOU MUST FOLLOW ME,
KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF!

COME ON NOW,
BELLAS - YOU'VE
GOT ME WRONG!





WHEN I UNLEASHED SCOTH'S BODY—MY NEW BODY! I KNEW HIS THOUGHTS.
I SHARED HIS OBSCURE, AMBITIONS...

ONLY IRON KNIFE CUT DEEP! THE BODY
DIED AND I FLOATED FREE—FOR
ONLY A MOMENT...

HE CHURNED WELL! THE BODY WAS YOUNG,
VIBRANT! THE BIG, TALL, FIRST STEPPING-
STONE TO THE CONQUEST OF THE HUMAN
WORLD! I HAD ONLY NOW DISCOVERED!
BUT FOR NOW, I COULD DO ONLY A GRAND
THING TO REHAB MYSELF—
I COULD GO
TO BELLA AND SUCCEED WHERE SCOTH
HAD FAILED! YET—WHEN I COMMENCED
MY IRON KNIFE,
I...

...ONE MINUTE AGO
AND I KNEW—KNOW THE
ANCIENT...

MAN MUSCLES...
THEY DON'T HAVE
MUSCLES BUT
THEY HAVE TO—
THEY MUST!

I'M PARALYZED! THAT BLOW
STRUCK TWO ARMS... AT THE
SPINAL COLUMN—ALL MUSCLE
CONTROL GONE! FOREVER!

...AND NOW... THE MURDS ARE COMING—BROUGHT BY THE GATES
OF BLOOD—COMING FOR THE FEAST THAT CAN'T ENDEAT! THE OTHERS
WON'T FIND ME HERE—AND THE REST OF A MAILED IR. TOO SMALL TO
CONTAIN ME! WHEN THIS BODY IS DESTROYED... THERE WILL BE...

WHAT? I'LL LET THE BUTHI WANT
TO FIND ME BURNING RIGHT
NOW! BUT, WHEN GONEWORLD,
COMING BACK THE BUTHI LAID FEAST
OF MURDS AND KURN... AND
ALIEN CREATURES, SO ACTUALLY—
INTO A DEEP END?

NOW, PEN-FRIENDS AND OTHER UNNATURAL CREATURES...COME WITH US TO A GARBAGE-LITTERED SLUM IN A MAJOR EASTERN CITY...AND MEET A FEARSOOME FEMALE WITH A HEART OF GOLD...OR TINFOIL ANYWAY...A MACABRE MISG WITH--

The Soft, sweet, LIPS of HELL!

A STILL NIGHT ALONG THE KHARIS
A PLACE WHERE FEAR AND DANGER
LURK IN EACH WHISP OF ROB-





IT IS DONE, AS IT HAS BEEN DONE SO OFTEN BEFORE-- A MAN PERSONES IN ONE FINAL, HAZARDOUS PARADISE OF PLEASURE... AND AN AGED WOMAN SUDDENLY FILLED WITH YOUTH AND OVERWHELMING LOVELINESS...

FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS SHE HAS ROAMED THE EARTH, USING HER BEAUTY AS A LURE-- AND SUCKING LIFE FORCE FROM THE LIPS OF HER CONQUESTS.

HER NAME IS KIJA-- AND SHE IS A SUCCESSIONIST!



KIJA OBSERVES THE DRIVER. HE IS STRONG, VITAL--HE COULD PROVIDE MUCH NOURISHMENT... BUT SHE IS SATISFIED. SO SHE CONTENTS HERSELF WITH DIRECTING HIM TO THE ADDRESS WHERE SHE CURRENTLY RESIDES...





AND, LATER...

KELLY... I WANT YOU TO KNOW I AINT GONNA TAKE THAT FINE! MAYBE A MONTH AGO, I WOULDA...

YOU'RE SWEET, MICK!—THE SWEETEST MAN I'VE EVER MET!

...BUT NOW... WELL, I DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF YOU THINKIN' I'D OF ALL I'M GONNA DOIN' FOR YOU!

NY... GOOD... GOOD! WHEN WE KISSED, I FELT SOMETHIN' LIKE A MILLION HURTS OF... OF LIFE...



I SIMPLY DONT... UNDERSTAND! I GAVE IT... AND I FELT WONDERFUL!



I'LL POUR US SOME ELDERBERRY WINE AN...



A WEEK PASSES... A WEEK FILLED WITH STRANGE, ALIEN EMOTIONS... ALMOST AGAINST HER WILL, KITA GOES TO THE GARDEN, BUYS A TICKET, AND FINDS HERSELF WATCHING A BRUTAL SPORT THAT WAS YOUNG WHEN SHE WAS, EDGES PAST...



MY MANAGER SAYS IN
SIX MONTHS I'LL HAVE A
SHOT AT THE CHAMPIONSHIP!
HE SAYS I'M GOIN'
STRAIGHT TO
THE TOP...

...ONLY IT MIGHT
MEAN ANOTHER
UNLESS YOU'RE
ALONGSIDE ME!

DON'T KNOW--
AND DON'T
CARE--!

BUT YOU DON'T
KNOW ME, HUH?
ANYTHING ABOUT
WHAT I'VE BEEN...

WE WARNED YOU,
ROLLARD! GET
DRESSED! WE GOT
A CAR WAITING
AT THE BACK
ENTRANCE!

VER GONE PER
THAT SWAMI HE
PROVIDED YA...

AN THE
BROAD'S
COMIN', TOO!
IT'S A SHAME...
BUT WE CAN'T
LEAVE NO
INTIMIDATION!



AN NEITHER IS
THE KID...

WE'D BETTER
FINISH IT HERE!

PUT
PUT
PUT
PUT







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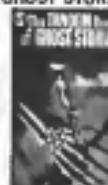
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FRANKENSTEIN



YOU'LL
HOWL
WHEN
HE
LOSES
HIS
PANTS

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IN ANCIENT EGYPT, TIME SLIDES ALONG AS SLOWLY AS THE FUNERAL BARGE CARRYING THE REMAINS OF RAMSES I DOWN THE RIVER NILE. LIFE HERE COUNTS FOR NOTHING; ONE PASSES THROUGH IT BRIEFLY, PREY TO POISONS, SICKNESSES, TREACHERY, MURDER, AND THE WHIMS OF UNCONTROLLABLE GODS, BOTH GOOD AND EVIL; THEN IN A WINK IT IS OVER, AND DEATH...IS FOREVER. DEATH IS EVERYTHING, LIKE ALL EGYPTIANS, THE OLD KING RAMSES SPENT HIS ENTIRE LIFE BUILDING AND FURNISHING HIS TOMB, AND TO IT HE FLOATS NOW, STILL, SERENE, AND QUIET—AS HE WILL BE FOREVERMORE.



THE SILVER THIEF AND THE PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER

RAMESSES HAS LEFT HIS SON, HOWEVER, A VAST INHERITANCE OF CONQUEST, AND EMPIRE THAT STRETCHES FROM DUSTY KURIA IN THE SOUTH TO FAR PERSIA IN THE NORTH; HIS UNIMAGINABLE TREASURES FLOW INTO KHAMMUS ON OXEN, CAMELS, AND ELEPHANTS; RAMSES II NEEDS TO SECURE HIS RICHES.





MY LORD, THESE
OLD HANDS HAVE BEEN
SULLIED BY TOO MUCH MONEY
IN MY LONG LIFE. THY TREASURY
SHALL BE BUILT INTO THE CITY
WALL ITSELF, WITH STONE
AND MORTAR, AND NO ONE
IN EGYPT SHALL ENTER
IT WITHOUT THE
KING'S SEAL.

WITH HIS OWN HANDS OLD ARQUAMON BUILT RAMSES' NEW
TREASURY, STRAINING HIS OLD MUSCLES HIS ANCIENT
JOINTS ACHING. HE FORMED IT BLOCK BY BLOCK AND LAID
IT TRUE...

WITH STEADY HANDS HE MORTARED THE NEW WALL,
MAKING IT STRONG AND SAFE AS HE KNEW HOW,
AFTER A LIFETIME OF MASONRY...

...BUT HE KNEW
NOT THAT NEITHER OF MY
SONS IS IN EGYPT, BUT OFF
WITH THE ARMY TO BABYLON. BUT WHENSOEVER
THEY RETURN, THIS
BLOCK-YEA-EVER SO SLIGHTLY
LOOSE - SHALL MAKE
THEIR RICHES.



THERE!
INVINCIBLE
AS ASTARTE IN
HEAVEN LAB I TOLD
PHARAOH, NO ONE IN
EGYPT COULD
BREAK IN HERE...

YEARS YET PASSED, DURING WHICH PHARAOH PROSPERED AND
AEGYPTIAN KIPT HIS VELENCE. AT LENGTH, THOUGH, AS THE TIME
AT LAST DREW NEAR...



KEPHHR, ALCOM.
MY 9045 - COME
HITHER, I WOULD
PASS A WORD WITH
THEE BEFORE MY
DEATH - RUPT
BENCHES FOR
ME.

...AND NOW YOU
KNOW EVERYTHING.
BE SILENT, LAP, AND TAKE
CARE. NOW LEAVE ME—I
WOULD BE ALONE WHEN
AT LAST I FEEL THE
CLAW OF THE
REAPER-HAWK.



THUS OLD ARGUMOND'S BODY WAS NO SOONER SAFE AT THE EMBALMER'S, BEGINNING ITS TWENTY-SEVEN PURIFICATION TREATMENT, THAN HIS SOULS WERE ON THEIR WAY TO THE TREASURY HE HAD BUILT, YEARS BEFORE.



BY THE BY
CHRIS, LOOK AT THIS
HEALTH ALBUM I'VE
RIGHT! I WANT THAT
GOLDEN IMAGE OF
CANDY'S THERE, TO
BEGIN WITH...AND
THAT RUBY
HEALING-AMULET...



CONTAIN
YOURSELF,
KEPHYR. FATHER
SAID TO ROB ONLY
THE SILVER URNS
AS OUR BEST
CHANCE TO AVOID
DETECTION.



LIKE THIS.
REPHRASED MAYBE THE
OLD MAN WAS
OBVIOUSLY

HOST!
THIS IS IT!
IT MOVES!



LOOK AT THAT! I WILL NEVER WORK AGAIN! WE CAN BUY A PALACE AND A HUNDRED SLAVES. WE'LL HAVE THE BIGGEST FUNERAL SINCE OBOROS.

MOTHER, YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN IT. FATHER BUILT A VAULT BIG ENOUGH FOR THE WEALTH OF SEVEN KINGDOMS, AND PHARAOH FILLED IT TO THE BRIM!

BUT FOR ALL HIS WEALTH, PHARAOH WAS A PARSHONIOUS RULER. IT TOOK NOT MANY MORE RAIDS ON HIS SILVER URNS BEFORE...

PHARAOH, THOU ART CHANCELLOR OF OUR EXCHEQUER. DURING THE MOON OF THE ISRA, THIRTY TALENTS WERE DEPOSITED IN THE SILVER URNS. YET, HOW, HALF THROUGH THE MOON OF THE SERPENT, WE FIND OUR BELIEVED TEN TALENTS MISSING. WHAT HAPPENED? DID YOU EAT IT, FAT POOL?

MY MY LORD! SION OF THE NILE, I - I AM AT A LOSS TO ACCOUNT... SURELY SOME MISTAKE... HOLYNESS, THE DOOR-SEAL HAS NOT BEEN BROKEN, I SWEAR! THE GUARDS REPORT NOTHING. PERHAPS IF YOU COUNTED AGAIN...

COUNT AGAIN! IDIOT, TOMORROW WE SHALL COUNT ONE MORE HEAD ON A SPIKE BY THE CITY BISTERS, AND IT SHALL BE THINE! TAKE THE FAT POOL TO THE HEADMAN, GUARD!

OH, AND JUST IN CASE HE TELLS THE TRUTH, MEN - WHEN YOU'RE DONE WITH HIM, RETURN HERE AND SET UP A TRAP THAT ISLAND NOT, BUT KEEPS THE VICTIM FAST. MEANWHILE, I GO TO RAISE THE TAXES TO APPROXIMATE THE TREASURY'S LOSS.

BROTHER, I LIKE THIS LIFE. EACH TIME WE MAKE A RAID, PHARAOH IS RAISED THE TAXES. THAT MAY MEAN HE'S SUSPICIOUS.

THAT MAY BE SO, BUT THIS LAST RAID GIVES US ENOUGH TO HIRE A GALLEY AND FLEET TO GREECE, WITH A GENEROUS BOOTY. THE WOMEN THERE I HEAR HAVE YELLOW HAIR, AND THEIR THIGHS...

SNAP!

OW! ALCON, I'VE BEEN SEIZED! I'M CAUGHT!



BUT THE PHARAOH'S MAID WAS WELL-VERSED IN
LORE OF POISONS...

CURSE IT!
YOU'RE TOO STUPID!
I'LL NEVER ANGLE
YOU OUT OF HERE
IN ONE PIECE—WE'RE
STUCK UNTIL
THE KING
COMES...



THIS IS THE WAY
YOU TREAT YOUR
MOTHER! ? 'WE'LL BE
RICH,' YOU SAID! WE'LL
GO TO EGYPT! A
COMFORT IN YOUR
AGE IS A COMFORT
THAT IS SUPPOSED
TO BE?

I HAVE ONE LITTLE SON!
POOR KEPHYR HEADLESS, AND NOT
EVEN MARRIED! I WITHOUT A
TOWNS, HE WALKS AMONG
DESERET, FROGS AND SCORPIONS
DEMONS THROUGH
QUICKSAND AND
HURRICANE! ALCOHOL,
I WANT THAT
BODY FOR THE
EMBALMERS!

MOTHER,
BE
REASONABLE.

IF I DON'T GET THAT BODY,
I TELL THE KING EVERYTHING.
MY SON WILL BE PROPERLY
LAID OUT, OR WE'LL ALL HANG
AND WORSHIP WITH HIM!
THIS I SWEAR BY KOTH
THE HIPPO-GODDESS.

LEND ME TIME,
MOTHER. I MUST
THINK ON IT...

NEXT DAY...

OLD! NAME!
ENDURE OF YOUR
GILLIGNESS, MULE! GET
A MOVE ON! MAYBE
A CRACK ON THE
RUMPS! MOVE
YOU!

CRAK!

WHOA!
BY THE BREASTS
OF NEPHERTITI!
DOWN, YOU
RODE!

FLOOSH!





AND NIGHT IN EGYPT FALLS
LIKE THE BEAT OF A STICK ON
BONE, WEST BLACK DRUM...



AND AT NIGHT...



... WHO KNOWS WHAT
DEVALTRY IS COMMITTED?



LOST THE
BODY ?? BY HORUS,
I'LL HAVE THY HIDES FORTY
LASHES APEICE, AND HARDACK FOR
A WEEK, BY THE WAR-CHARIOT OF
RA, WHAT FOOLS LET A THIEF STEAL
A CORPSE FROM
UNDER THEIR
WOODEN
NOSES?



A MAGICIAN?
A SHREWD YOUTH, MORE
LIKELY, AND A FORMER
SOLDIER TO BOOT, BY THE
LOOMS OF IT. HOW TO TRAP
A SOLDIER? HMM...
ONE BAITS THE TRAP WITH
SOMETHING
PRETTY...

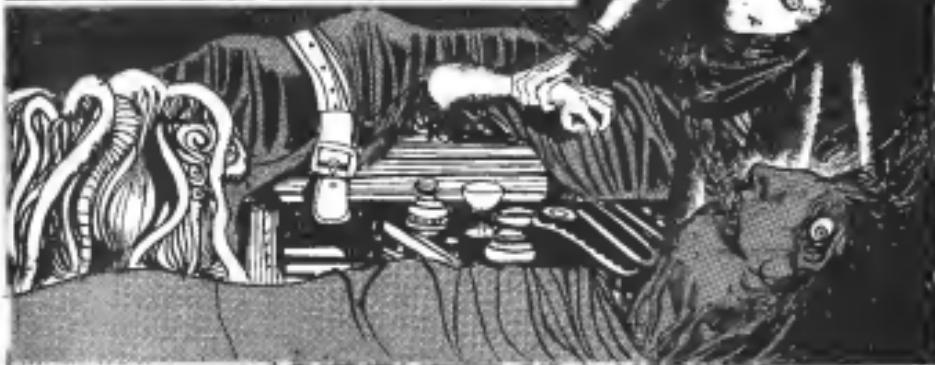


DO YOU HEAR THE CRYER,
ALCOM? RANNES HAS GONE
BISHERING MAD--HE'S PLACED
HIS DAUGHTER IN THE CITY'S
BISHERIEST BROTHEL, AND
OFFERED HER
TO ALL
CITIZENS
FOR
FREE!

FREE?
CLEOPATRA
SOLD HIS
DAUGHTER TO
RAISE MONEY FOR
HIS PYRAMID--YEA,
AND THE WENCH
EXACTED AN ADDITIONAL
TOLL TO BUILD
HER OWN--BUT
FOR A GOOD
PRICE, WHAT'S
ALL THIS ABOUT?



THE ONLY TOLL IS THIS
YOU MUST TELL HER THE
MOST AWFUL THING
YOU'VE EVER DONE!
I CAN'T WAIT TO TELL HER
ABOUT THE TIME WE GOT'
DRUNK AND PUT A BABY
CROCODILE IN THE FOUNTAIN
OF ISIS ON THE EVE OF
BAPTISM. YOU'RE COMING
TOO, OF
COURSE?





...THE FIRST
NIGHT WE TOOK ONLY
SEVEN TALENTS APiece,
IT WAS ALL WE COULD
CARRY, BUT AFTER MUCH
EXERCISE, AND LIFTING OF
WEIGHTS, OUR
SECOND RAID
NETTED US...



AND NOW IN PAYMENT,
PRINCESS OF THE SUN, LET
ME TELL YOU OF MY CRIMES. MY
FATHER, NOW DEAD, WAS A
GREAT ARCHITECT...



...DISGUISED
AS A WINE MERCHANT,
I RIGGED THE SPOUT ON
ONE OF MY BARRELS SO IT
WOULD BREAK OPEN AS
I PAMED THE GUARD
BY KEPHYRI'S BODY...



GUARDS!
LIGHTS!
TORCHES! HE'S
CAUGHT!!



WHAT DID
I DO TO DESERVE
THIS? HE'S GONE,
NOT ONLY A PHONY,
BUT HE ADMITS
IT TO THE
PRINCESS!

HUSH!
THE BOAT
SHOULD BE
READY, SO IF
WE'RE QUIET,
HOLD! WHAT'S
THIS GONE?

IT SAYETH BY ORDER OF
THE PHARAOH, CLEMENCY
IS HEREBY GRANTED THE SILVER
THIEF, IF HE WILL BUT STEP
FORWARD AND IDENTIFY HIMSELF,
HE FURTHERMORE GETS THE
PRINCESS' HAND IN
MARRIAGE AND HALF THIS
KINGDOM... IF HE BUT
PROMISES TO BECOME THE
KING'S NEW VIZIER...

YES, THE PHARAOH, SHREWD ENOUGH TO REALISE
THAT ANY MAN AS CLEVER AS HIS SILVER THIEF
DESERVED NOT DEATH BUT A HIGH GOVERNMENT POST,
TOOK ALCOM INTO HIS HOUSEHOLD. TOGETHER, THEY
IRRATICALLY ENRICHED THE DYNASTY, AND ADDED TO
THE GLORY AND SPLENDOR THAT WAS EGYPT, AND
THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER, UNTIL DEATH
CAME TO CLAIM THEM.



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PREVIEW

of

VAMPIRELLA NEXT ISSUE

WITH

TOMB OF THE GODS



THE GENDER BENDER

The third fantastic "Tomb of the Gods" tale, written and drawn by Esteban Maroto! Visit, if you dare, that private world of the Id where the forces of life & death battle!

AND

VENGEANCE, BROTHER, VENGEANCE!

A mind-bending tale of the distant and mystic past when sorcerers held sway!



PLUS

VAMPIRELLA



IN WHEN WAKES THE DEAD!

The blood-curdling conclusion to this issue's "Shadow of Dracula" as Lucy Westenra awakes from the sleep of the dead and Dracula awaits, lurking in the shadows, ready to lead his legions of the dead once again!

ON SALE AUGUST 22nd!

EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT VAMPIRELLA BUT NOBODY EVER TOLD YOU...

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE CONTINUED

"Carnival of the Damned," Adam has never been able to bring himself to drive a stake through VAMPIRELLA's heart.

Both Adam and VAMPIRELLA are torn by instincts of their own. VAMPIRELLA, by her need for blood (she lives on a bottled serum) and Adam by his heritage of vampire killing. Her constant fears that her vampirism will go completely out of control and thereby include Adam in its wake seemed to come true in T. Casey Brennan's first VAMPIRELLA script, "Beware, Dreamer" in VAMPIRELLA #17.

Trapped in the world of the Dreamlayer, VAMPIRELLA found herself biting Adam's neck for survival. Wrecked with pain at killing Adam, VAMPIRELLA discovered that the attack placed in the shadow world of nightmares dreams created by Eerie Johnson, a two-bit hood transformed into the Dreamlayer by the hopes of Chase.

Though their love for each other has grown steadily since "Carnival of the Damned," the introduction of Count Dracula at the end of "The Resurrection of Papa Voudou" (VAMPIRELLA #35) has altered their relationship, perhaps irreversibly.

In "Dracula, Still Lives!" VAMPIRELLA #18, VAMPI realized



The splash page from "Death's Dark Angel" in VAMPIRELLA #12, drawn by artist Jose Gonzales. Gonzales' first VAMPIRELLA story, rendered by

more than ever before to kill the killer that lies just beneath her future. Sent on a mission to destroy Dracula through the mystic powers of Conrad Van Helting, VAMPIRELLA found herself unable to "I am unable to kill him," she said, "for I too have done evil, and I too am the helpers pawn of the forces which govern me! Perhaps he does deserve to die but I cannot kill him!"

In "And be a Bride of Chaos" (Goodwin's last VAMPIRELLA script) it was revealed that Dracula, like VAMPIRELLA, is a native Drakulonian given powers out of the ordinary by the forces of Chaos.

Throughout the series, VAMPIRELLA has faced a fantastic and blood-curdling array of villains, the likes of which have never before appeared in the history of comics. The veritable battery of horrors spawned by VAMPIRELLA's Cousin Evi, seen in the story "Evi" from

VAMPIRELLA #22, Tyler Weston, his nurse Lenore and the mighty forces of Chaos, from "Who Serves the Cause of Chaos" in VAMPIRELLA #8, Mrs. Jet-rynn, her cat Jet and her son Lenry from "The Testimony" in VAMPIRELLA #9. The character of Pendragon, an aging magician, was introduced in "Carnival of the Damned" in VAMPIRELLA #11.

Since VAMPIRELLA #12, Pendragon and the Van Heltings have been her constant, if at times unwilling, companions, as she faced such monstrous entities as W.W. Wade and Skarr, the angel of death in "Death's Dark Angel" from VAMPIRELLA #12, the creature Demogorgon known as "The Lurker in the Deep" from VAMPIRELLA #13, Vixen, the female werewolf, "Bite of the Huntress" from VAMPIRELLA #14, and Papa Voudou, the living zombie, in "The Resurrection of Papa Voudou" from VAMPIRELLA #15.

What's in store for VAMPIRELLA's future? The continuing menace of Dracula in "When Wakes The Dead," the next VAMPIRELLA story for VAMPIRELLA #20. After that, Conrad Van Helting's crystal ball is cloudy, but we see VAMPIRELLA trapped on a sand-like world, without serum, and face-to-face with a huge shahlike creature in VAMPIRELLA #23.

Besides the ever-present menace of Chaos, VAMPIRELLA's readers can also look forward to joining her new and fantastic Fan Club. For details see page 62 of this issue.

In the latter part of 1972 Warren Publishing will offer a VAMPIRELLA 33 rpm record album, costing about \$3.00. VAMPIRELLA's adventures will be immortalized in the tradition of Orson Welles' old Mercury Theatre, the group which brought the American public H.G. Wells' in-

famous "War of the Worlds" in 1938.

The album will have a knockout cover with the same exciting artwork that graces the covers of VAMPIRELLA. The record itself will feature a narration of one of her most exciting adventures just as it originally appeared in print.

Color posters of VAMPIRELLA done by Gonzalez will also be available later this year.

Plans are also underway for a full-length motion picture. Working on the translation of VAMPIRELLA into movies, Warren mentioned that if Creep or Eerie were ever cast John Carradine would be a perfect Creep, while Peter Lorre or Charles Laughton if either were still alive, would make a great Eerie. He also mentioned Paula Prentiss and Raquel Welch as likely candidates for the coveted role of VAMPIRELLA—a girl nothing like her has ever been seen.



VAMPIRELLA
and Adam



Raquel Welch as a soft-
faced VAMPIRELLA

If you won't send in this coupon, shut up about the war.

You, who say all the right things about the war, but won't even bother to write your congressman, are prolonging the war by your inaction.

You don't think it will do any good.

But now there's a real chance it will.

Now is the time when writing your congressman could make a crucial difference.

The number of them who want to set a definite withdrawal date is growing.

So is the number of congressmen who are sitting on the fence. You can push them off.

They will back an act of disengagement if they feel their constituencies will back them at home.

They need to hear from you. They need a pile of evidence on their desks that will make them feel they can get re-elected even if they speak out.

It's an incredible notion that after all this, filling out a simple coupon and sending it to your congressman could stop the war. But just think. It could.

And if you're not yet old enough to vote, give this to someone who is.

To: Congressman _____
The House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sir

I understand legislation is pending in Congress to end the war in Southeast Asia. As a concerned citizen I urge you to support this legislation. If you do, you will have my support.

Sincerely,

Name

Address

City

State

Zip Code

For the name of your Congressman, call the League of Women Voters

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